

DON'T SUMMON THE DEVIL DOG AT 3AM

written by

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The camera is shooting at a medium close up, the camera is being held by THE CAMERAMAN and sways left to right as THE YOUTUBER gives his introduction.

YOUTUBER
(With fake enthusiasm)
What's up guys welcome
back to the channel.
STILL on the grind to one
million subscribers, so
if it's your first time
here don't forget to like
it if you like it,

The camera shifts around a thumb awkwardly appearing from behind the camera

YOUTUBER (CONT'D)
share it to all your friends on
facebook...

CAMERAMAN
Nobody uses Facebook anymore.

The YouTuber does a quick pause.

YOUTUBER
...and **SMASH** that subscribe button to
join the...

CAMERAMAN
Run that shit up.

The YouTuber takes an even longer pause. Now visibly upset.

YOUTUBER
Alright guys I was browsing the
dark web when...

CAMERAMAN
Yeah fucking right!

YOUTUBER
Shut up nigga.

CAMERAMAN TILTS CAMERA DOWN. CUT TO SOMETIME LATER.

YOUTUBER
So I was browsing the dark web when
I stumbled upon a ritual to summon
an *actual* demon guys...

CAMERAMAN

OooooOhhhhh

YOUTUBER

Yeah, they call him the Devil Dog.
Supposedly he's a genie or
something.

CAMERAMAN

Really? So like, he only grants
three wishes?

YOUTUBER

Uhhh, I don't think they say.
(clears throat) "Here is a ritual
to summon The Devil Dog a demonic
entity said to have the uncanny
ability to grant any wish the
summoner may command along with
having the unwavering loyalty of a
canine companion."

CAMERAMAN

So no word on the number of wishes.

YOUTUBER

I guess not, "but for those who
seek to mock the Devil Dog be wary,
for this foul demon's bark has
proven deadlier than its bite."

CAMERAMAN

That actually sounds pretty fucking
cool.

YOUTUBER

I know right! And it says all we
need is a desire, a dash of dog
semen, and a sacrifice.

The YouTuber looks up from his phone, eyes darting across the
room.

CAMERAMAN

I'm sorry a what?

YOUTUBER

(embarrassed) A... dash of
dog semen.

CAMERAMAN

Nope!

YOUTUBER
C'mon man, it's for the ritual!

CAMERAMAN
Ritual my ass!

The cameraman sets his camera down but doesn't turn it off.
Facing a wall we can still hear the characters in the background.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
Nope.

YOUTUBER
Trust me bro, it's going to work.

CAMERAMAN
How do you know?

YOUTUBER
Someone commented that they knew
someone that got like, a million
dollars...

CAMERAMAN
(sigh) Are you deadass?

YOUTUBER
What?

CAMERAMAN
What! For one how the are we
getting dog semen? What are we even
wishing for? Why semen? You know,
honestly, I think we should take a
couple days to think..

YOUTUBER
(hastily) No no no no no
no! I've already got it
planned out, mostly.

CAMERAMAN
Wow, mostly!

YOUTUBER
I can bring my dog over...

CAMERAMAN
(disgusted) You're gonna
jerk off your dog?

YOUTUBER

NO! I'm going to make him a sex toy.

CAMERAMAN

That isn't better.

YOUTUBER

Well I don't see you offering up any.

CAMERAMAN

Cause I don't wanna milk a fucking dog! The hell would we even wish for; like why even go through all this nonsense in the first place?

YOUTUBER

(perplexed) Why go through it? Bro, name the one thing that you would wish for right now!

He takes a second to think.

CAMERAMAN

(solemnly) I guess it would be nice to see my mom one last time.

YOUTUBER

Sure. That's uh, nice and all but like what about being famous? Waking up and being surrounded by nothing but bad bitches and money.

CAMERAMAN

Bad bitches and money?

YOUTUBER

Yup!

CAMERAMAN

We're gonna kill someone...

YOUTUBER

You're gonna kill someone.

CAMERAMAN

WE'RE gonna kill someone for bad bitches and money?

YOUTUBER

Well, ya' can't make an omelet
without breaking a couple eggs
right?

CAMERAMAN

Wow uh! (stumbling) How about we do
it to resurrect someone instead?
Like, if we sacrifice someone
right, resurrect them and *still*
have a wish left we'll be rich and
not murderers. Technically.

The YouTuber thinks it over for a second.

YOUTUBER

Mmmmm that's assuming we have
multiple wishes though.

Pause

CAMERAMAN

Shit, I guess you're right. Can we
still revive someone though?

YOUTUBER

(sigh)

CAMERAMAN

I really want to...

YOUTUBER

(brashly) Don't care I'm
tryna get rich.

CAMERAMAN

Come on seriously.

YOUTUBER

I am being serious. I'm gonna
bring my dog and you find someone
to sacrifice deal? Deal?

We hear the YouTuber hit the cameraman in the chest.

CAMERAMAN

Deal. But if we get more than one...

YOUTUBER

FINE! We'll revive your fucking
mom! Jesus Christ!

Pause

CAMERAMAN
(meekly) Thank you.

INT. FOYER

The YouTuber and loud banging heard at the front door.

YOUTUBER
Open up open open up open up open...

The door creaks open, the YouTuber rushing through, holding a pit bull by the leash.

CAMERAMAN
Take him to the backyard.

YOUTUBER
(dismissively) Yeah
whatever, uhh isn't there
something you should be
doing right now?

CAMERAMAN
Fuck you. Put on some gloves before
you beat off your dog.

YOUTUBER
(sarcastically) A ha ha.
You better not record us.

CAMERAMAN
Why not?

YOUTUBER
(petting the dog's head)
He gets stage fright.

CAMERAMAN
Eww.

CUT TO INT. SHOT LOOKING THROUGH KITCHEN WINDOW INTO THE
BACKYARD.

The YouTuber puppets around a stuffed animal with a latex
glove sticking out of it's rear in front of a visibly
confused pit bull.

CAMERAMAN
What the hell.

He slams the stuffed animal down in front of the dog.

YOUTUBER
Alright. Fuck it.

CAMERAMAN
(chuckles)

They stand there staring at each other.

CLAP! POINT!

YOUTUBER
Go on! Fuck it!

The dog and the YouTuber look at each other for a couple more seconds before he notices the cameraman recording, darting towards the window.

YOUTUBER (CONT'D)
YO TURN THAT OFF!

CAMERAMAN
Oh shit!

The cameraman hastily tries to hide.

EXT. NIGHT

The cameraman is knelt on a sidewalk propping up his camera. He sounds tired and is drenched in sweat.

CAMERAMAN
Alright. Sacrifice fishing, attempt number 4. Chloroform does *NOT* work like in the movies.

The cameraman darts across the street narrowly getting hit by an oncoming car before disappearing into the darkness, waiting for another victim.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
(sigh) I swear this better be fucking worth it.

Shortly after a man is seen leisurely walking down the dimly lit sidewalk when the cameraman emerges behind him, wet rag in hand.

MAN
(Muddles)What the fuck.

He tries desperately to wriggle free as the cameraman viciously brings the rag to the man's face.

CAMERAMAN
Shut up. Shut up...

The man tries to fight back. His fists slamming against the arm tightly wrapping around his neck, he wiggles his head back and forth in the hopes that he can at least get the rag from his mouth.

MAN
(muddled) HELP!

CAMERAMAN
...shut the fuck up! Just go to sleep already.

All his fighting and thrashing are to no avail as the helpless struggle ends with him getting shoved into the trunk of a car.

THIRD PERSON

INT. LIVING ROOM

The YouTuber is leisurely sitting on the couch with his feet up watching tv, his dog curled up next to him. The cameraman bursts through the front door and shouts...

CAMERAMAN
I GOT IT!

He startles the YouTuber, taking a second before responding.

YOUTUBER
(concerned) Got what?

CUT TO THIRD PERSON SHOT OF THE MAN IN TRUNK

YOUTUBER
Oh.

CAMERAMAN
Yup.

CUT TO A UPWARD ANGLE SHOT AT THE MEN LOOKING INTO THE TRUNK

YOUTUBER
Honestly I didn't think you were gonna go through with it.

CAMERAMAN

Welp. I did.(pause) Hey, what would you have done with the semen if I didn't?

The YouTuber closes the trunk without saying a word.

INT. DINGEY BASEMENT

Now that they have what they need to summon the *Devil Dog* the men are too apprehensive to actually go through with their plan.

YOUTUBER

(with knife in hand)So, do you want to do it?

The Youtuber tries to hand off the knife to the Cameraman but he motions away from it.

CAMERAMAN

What? I've never killed anyone before.

YOUTUBER

And I never made a sex doll for a dog.(wiggles knife) Until today.

CAMERAMAN

Fuck you I got him here.

YOUTUBER

Exactly, so you kill him.

CAMERAMAN

NO! This isn't even how you summon a demon.

The YouTuber takes a pause.

YOUTUBER

How would you know how to summon a demon?

CAMERAMAN

(stuttering)

The YouTuber tosses the knife.

YOUTUBER

Catch!

Reflexively the cameraman catches it.

CAMERAMAN
(squeal)

He tosses the knife back and the YouTuber dodges it.

YOUTUBER
Oh weave.

The knife hits the ground and swirls around his feet. Having to prance around to avoid it.

YOUTUBER (CONT'D)
Fuck!

As the two idiots play hot potato with the knife the man quickly comes to his feet and tackles the YouTuber to the ground. Hitting him with a volley of punches and slaps.

CAMERAMAN
Oh shit.

The Cameraman then tackles the man from atop the YouTuber. As all three men get to their feet the YouTuber grabs a metal baseball bat hanging on the wall, the cameraman picking up the knife. The YouTuber immediately hits the man in the back of the head with all his strength, causing the bat to come back and hit him in the nose.

YOUTUBER
Ah!

The man falls to the ground, droplets of blood are seen flying through the air. The Cameraman following up, relentlessly stabbing the man. The YouTuber comes in with a barrage of heavy strikes; blood is flying everywhere. Both men then stand up, absolutely covered in blood.

YOUTUBER (CONT'D)
(Breathing heavily)
So you wanna turn on your camera,
and grab the glove?

CAMERAMAN
I am *NOT* touching that fucking
glove.

YOUTUBER
Pussy.

The cameraman turns on his camera, the YouTuber gets the glove, and now the ritual can begin.

YOUTUBER (CONT'D)
 Alright is it on?

CAMERAMAN
 Yeah.

The YouTuber stands in front of the camera, phone in hand, he's absolutely covered in blood but ready to continue the video.

YOUTUBER
 (With fake enthusiasm)
 Alright guys now that you
 have your sacrifice all
 layed out it says that
 you're gonna want to let
 the semen slowly drip
 from the glove while
 reciting this ancient
 chant. (clears throat)
Skliklam pustade gordska
os um clam.

CAMERAMAN
 (sigh) Someone died over this.

YOUTUBER
SKLISKLAM PUSTADE GORDSKA OS UM
CLAM. (whispering) and now I'm just
 gonna...

The YouTuber faces the opening of the glove downwards and semen slowly dripping out. He reiterates the chant once more.

YOUTUBER (CONT'D)
SKLISKLAM PUSTADE GORDSKA OS UM
CLAM! Alright what time is it?

CAMERAMAN
 3am.

YOUTUBER
 (anxiously) Alright. That should've
 worked.

The two men sit and wait in anticipation.

CAMERAMAN
 Whats supposed to happen now?

YOUTUBER
 The devil dog *should* appear I
 guess.

CAMERAMAN
What does a devil dog even look
like?

The YouTuber takes a second to respond.

YOUTUBER
A dog with horns... a
devil..... with..... dog ears.
A red furry? (Shrugs) or
maybe he's just running
late, I mean. It is 3am.

CAMERAMAN
(in agreement) Mm, yeah.

As the men sit and wait a bellowing bark is heard from behind a closed door. The cameraman creeps his way over and opens the door with extreme caution, but what the men saw behind that door was way less than either were expecting. A Yorkshire terrier with an ill-fitting pair of devil ears and messy hair walks out of the shadows.

YOUTUBER
Uhhh.... Is there another dog in your
closet?

DEVIL DOG
(Bark)

The *Devil Dog* lets out a loud guttural bark, making the YouTuber's head explode like a ballon filled with confetti.

CAMERAMAN
FUCK!

The cameraman jumps back and trips, dropping the camera.

The dog slowly struts over to the cameraman. In fear, he scoots away trying to get onto his feet.

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
Please don't kill me, please...

While he's speaking the cameraman puts his arms over his face attempting to shield himself

CAMERAMAN (CONT'D)
(on the verge of tears) ...
please no, no.

DEVIL DOG
What is your wish?

The cameraman struggles to his feet with a confused look on his face.

CAMERAMAN
You can talk?

DEVIL DOG
Telepathically. Now, speak your wish.

Struggling to fully understand the situation, the cameraman speaks a wish to the dog.

CAMERAMAN
I. Wish.(hastily) To be famous.

...

DEVIL DOG
Famous? You can have anything in the world and you want... fame? Alright, so be it...

CAMERAMAN
Wait, wait that's not what I really want. It's what he wanted, not me. I want you to bring someone back from the dead. Can you do that?

DEVIL DOG
Yes. That's something I can do, but...

A concerned look comes onto the cameraman's face.

CAMERAMAN
But?

DEVIL DOG
But they'll be devoid of a soul. Sure I can resurrect the dead no problem, but the soul, that, key ingredient is gone after mortals die. If I were to bring someone back you wouldn't have a person, you would have a zombie.

CAMERAMAN
You can't you get it from someone?

DEVIL DOG
I'm afraid it doesn't work like that.

CAMERAMAN
(sigh)

He sits back down, the devil dog curling up next to his leg.

DEVIL DOG
No no don't be sad, I can still
make you famous...

The cameraman glares at the devil dog.

DEVIL DOG (CONT'D)
...no no think about it. I can make
you rich beyond your WILDEST
imagination. No need to do... *this*,
you want for nothing.

This has little effect on the cameraman.

DEVIL DOG (CONT'D)
Fucking bitches, getting money.
Can't that be enough?

CAMERAMAN
But what if it isn't enough? What
if I want more than just money and
women? What then?

DEVIL DOG
I can grant more than one wish you
know.

CAMERAMAN
(relieved) You can!

DEVIL DOG
Yes. But with each wish I require
further sacrifice.

CAMERAMAN
(sigh) Why is it *always* a
sacrifice?

DEVIL DOG
I'm a demon. There's always gonna
be a sacrifice kid.

The cameraman puts his head in his hands before coming to a
great realization.

CAMERAMAN
Wait. Why not both?

DEVIL DOG

What?

CAMERAMAN

I mean, if I claim that asshole as a sacrifice and the guy we killed, wouldn't that count for two wishes?

The devil dog looks deep into his eyes.

CUT TO AN UNSPECIFIED AMOUNT OF TIME LATER

⋮ EXT. DAY

We see a red muscle car speed into frame, the cameraman's the one driving. He hops out of the car with a big grin over his face making his way to the trunk.

OVERHEAD SHOT

We see that in the trunk lays a distressed petite girl whose been hog-tied. She wriggles around in the trunk but the cameraman quickly hoists her over his shoulder and walks into his nice suburban home. We cut to the cameraman walking into his basement with the girl, the rope binding her now removed.

CAMERAMAN

Mom I'm home. Look what I got.

As he says this we see a decrepit corpse spring to life rushing towards the front of the cage. She has long unkempt black hair, paper white skin, overgrown serrated fingernails, and dressed in a distressed white night gown. The only thing stopping her it is a chain shackled around her ankle.

PETITE GIRL

(muffled) Let me gooo. No what is that?

The cameraman opens the cage before tossing the girl onto the blood streaked floor like a disregarded toy, quickly shutting the door so his sacrifice can't escape.

CAMERAMAN

Dinner time!

The girl reaches her hand out through the bars.

PETITE GIRL

Help meee.....

The girl is forcefully pulled into the darkness by the zombie and is soon torn to shreds. The cameraman walks over to a standing table a comically large mug holding tea on top of it. He picks it up walks over to the cage to witness his mother in action, in one hand swirling the mug and in the other checking a notification on his phone. *"A check totaling \$200,000 has been deposited into checking account #0025."*

A shit eating grin forms on his face before taking a sip his from mug.

CAMERAMAN

Ugh! Its cold.

A sour expression now taking over.

After this the camera slowly dollies into the cage as we get to witness what happens to the woman. Her face, arms, and legs are adorned with scratches and bruises. She manages to get a few good hits and a crotch kick in.

PETITE GIRL

Come on bitch!

She goes for another hit before getting stopped by the undead mother who throws her against the opposite side of the cage. The petite girl slams into the metal bars, now facing away from her attacker the zombie comes from behind and slashes her throat right open. Blood sprays across the camera and we see the girl's body fall to the floor.

ROLL TITLE CARDS

AFTER TITLE CARDS

INT.- INSIDE CELL

We see two silhouettes laying motionless on the floor when...

MOTHER
(gasp) Where? Where am I?

The cameraman looks on with a huge smile on his face.

DAVIS
Hi mom!

MOTHER
DAVIS? What am I doing in here?
What's going on? Last thing I
remember I. I...

DAVIS
Shhhh. That doesn't matter now.
Come here.

The mother takes off her shackles, walking forward to embrace her son. The camera slowly swings around the mothers back to show Davis. With his eyes closed and a satisfied smirk on his face he says.

DAVIS (CONT'D)
You're ok now.

ROLL CREDITS